



"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

VOLUME 2.

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induced him, however, to put a curb upon his furious will until reflection suggested quite as criminal, if not as dangerous a vengeance. As soon as his poor wife had recovered from her illness, unnaturally prolonged by the delicacy of constitution induced by previous mental suffering, she was astonished to find, instead of increasing his persecutions, that her husband had changed his tactics and treated her with studied neglect. He rarely spoke to her except on occasions when the decencies of society demanded that he should address her. He avoided her presence, and no longer inhabited the same apartment. He seemed, in short, to strive as much as possible to forget her existence. But if she did not suffer from personal ill-treatment it was because a punishment more acute was in store for her. If Mr. Van Koeren had chosen to affect to consider her beneath his vengeance, it was because his hate had taken another direction, and seemed to have derived increased intensity from the alteration. It was upon the unhappy boy, the cause of all this misery, that the father lavished a terrible hatred. Mr. Van Koeren seemed determined, that if this child sprang from other loins than his, that the mournful destiny which he forced upon him would amply avenge his own existence and the infidelity of his mother. While the child was an infant his plan seemed to have been formed. Ignorance and neglect were the two deadly influences with which he sought to assassinate the moral nature of this boy; and his terrible campaign against the virtue of his own son, was, as he grew up, carried into execution with the most consummate generalship. He gave him money, but debarrd him from education. He allowed him liberty of action, but withheld advice. It was in vain that his mother, who foresaw the frightful consequences of such a training, sought in secret by every means in her power to nullify her husband's attempts. She strove in vain to seduce her son into an ambition to be educated. She beheld with horror all her agonized efforts frustrated, and saw her son, and only child, becoming, even in his youth, a drunkard and a libertine. In the end it proved too much for her strength; she sickened, and went home to her sunny Belgian plains. There she lingered for a few months in a calm but rapid decay, whose calmness was broken but by the one grief; until one autumn day, when the leaves were falling from the limes, she made a little prayer for her son to the Good God, and died. Vain orison! Spend-thrift, gamster, libertine, and drunkard by turns, Alain Van Koeren's earthly destiny was unchangeable. The father, who should have been his guide, looked on each fresh depravity of his son's with a species of grim delight. Even the death of his wife had no effect upon his fatal purpose. He still permitted the young man to run blindly to destruction by the course into which he himself had led him.

As years rolled by, and Mr. Van Koeren himself approached to that time of life when he might soon expect to follow his persecuted wife, he relieved himself of the hateful presence of his son altogether. Even the link of a systematic vengeance, which had hitherto united them, was severed, and Alain was cast adrift without either money or principle. The occasion of this final separation between father and son was the marriage of the latter with a girl of humble, though honest extraction. This was a good excuse for the remorseless Van Koeren, so he availed himself of it by turning his son out of doors. From that time forth they never met. Alain lived a life of meagre dissipation, and soon died, leaving behind him one child, a daughter. By a coincidence natural enough, Mr. Van Koeren's death followed his son's almost immediately. He died as he had lived, sternly. But those who were around his couch in his last moments, mentioned some singular facts connected with the manner of his death. A few moments before he expired he raised himself in the bed, and seemed as if conversing with some person invisible to the spectators. His lips moved as if in speech, and immediately afterward he sank back, bathed in a flood of tears. "Wrong! wrong!" he was heard to mutter, feebly; then he implored passionately the forgiveness of some one who he said was present. The death struggle ensued almost immediately, and in the midst of his agony he seemed wrestling for speech. All that could be heard, however, were a few broken words. "I was wrong. My—unfounded—For God's sake look in—You will find—" Having uttered these fragmentary sentences, he seemed to feel that the power of speech had passed away forever. He fixed his eyes piteously on those around him, and, with a great sigh of grief, expired. I gathered these facts from his grand-daughter, and Alain's daughter, Alice Van Koeren, who had been summoned by some friend to her grandfather's dying couch when it was too late. It was the first time she had seen him, and then she saw him die.

The results of Mr. Van Koeren's death were nine days wonder to all the merchants in New York. Beyond a small sum in the bank, and the house in which he lived, which was mortgaged for its full value, Mr. Van Koeren had died a pauper! To those who knew him, and knew his affairs, this seemed inexplicable. Five or six years before his death he had retired from business with a fortune of over a hundred thousand dollars. He had lived quietly since then; was known not to have speculated, and could not have gambled. The question then was, where had his wealth vanished to? Search was made in every secretary, in every bureau, for some document which might throw a light on the mysterious distribution that he had made of his property. None were found. Neither will, nor certificates of stock, nor title deeds, nor bank accounts, were anywhere discernible. Inquiries were made at the offices of companies in which Mr. Van Koeren was

known to be largely interested; he had sold out his stock years ago. Real estate that had been believed to be his, was found, on investigation, to have passed into other hands. There could be no doubt but that for some years past Mr. Van Koeren had been steadily converting all his immense property into money, and what he had done with that money no one knew. Alice Van Koeren and her mother, who at the old gentleman's death were at first looked on as millionaires, discovered, when all was over, that they were no better off than before. It was evident that the old man, determined that one who, though bearing his name, he believed not to be of his blood, should never inherit his wealth, or any share of it, had made away with his fortune before his death—a posthumous vengeance, which was the only one by which the laws of the State of New York, relative to inheritance, could be successfully evaded.

I took a peculiar interest in the case, and even helped to make some researches after the lost property, not so much, I confess, from a spirit of general philanthropy, as from certain feelings which I experienced toward Alice Van Koeren, the heir to this invisible estate. I had long known both her and her mother when they were living in an honest poverty, and earning a scanty subsistence by their own labor; Mrs. Van Koeren working as an embroiderer, and Alice turning to account, as a preparatory governess, the education which her good mother, spite of her limited means, had bestowed on her.

In a few words, then, I loved Alice Van Koeren, and was determined to make her my wife, as soon as my means would allow me to support a fitting establishment. My passion had never been secret. I was content for the time with the secret consciousness of my own love, and the no less grateful certainty that Alice returned it, all unuttered as it was. I had, therefore, a double interest in passing the summer at the old Dutch villa, for I felt it to be connected somehow with Alice, and I could not forget the singular desire to inhabit it which I had so often experienced as a boy. It was a lovely day in June when Jasper Joye and myself took up our abode in our new residence, and as we smoked our cigars on the piazza in the evening, we felt, for the first time, the unalloyed pleasure with which a townsman breathes the pure air of the country.

The house and grounds had a quaint sort of beauty that to me were eminently pleasing. Landscape gardening, in the modern acceptance of the term, was then almost unknown in this country, and the "laying out" of the garden that surrounded our new home would doubtless have shocked Mr. Loudon, the late Mr. Downing, or Sir Thos. Dick Lauder. It was formal and artificial to the last degree. The beds were cut into long parallelograms, rigid and severe of aspect, and edged with prim rows of stiff, dwarf box. The walks, of course, crossed always at right angles, and the laurel and cypress trees that grew here and there were clipped into cones, and spheres, and rhomboids. It is true, that at the time my friend and I hired the house some years of neglect had restored to this formal garden somewhat of the raggedness of nature. The box edgings were rank and wild. The clipped trees, forgetful of geometric propriety, flourished off into unauthorized boughs and rebel offshoots. The walks were green with moss, and the beds of Dutch tulips, which had been planted in the shape of certain gorgeous birds, whose colors were represented by masses of blossoms, each of a single hue, had transgressed their limits, and the purple of a parrot's wings might have been seen running recklessly into the crimson of his head; while as bulbs, however well-bred, will create other bulbs, the flower-birds of this queer old Dutch garden became in time abominably distorted in shape. Flamings with humps; golden pheasants with legs preternaturally elongated; macaws afflicted with an attack of hydrocephalus, each species of deformity being proportioned to the rapidity with which the roots had spread in some particular direction. Still, this strange mixture of raggedness and formality—this conglomerate of nature and art, had its charms. It was pleasant to watch the struggle, as it were, between the opposing elements, and to see nature triumphing by degrees in every direction.

Then the house itself was pleasant and commodious. Rooms that, though not lofty, were spacious. Wide windows and cool piazzas extending over the four sides of the building; and a collection of quaint old carved furniture, some of which, from its elaborateness, might well have come from the chisel of Master Grinling Gibbons. There was a mantelpiece in the dining room with which I remember being very much struck when first I came to take possession. It was a most singular and fantastical piece of carving. It was a perfect tropical garden, menagerie, and aviary in one. Birds, beasts, and flowers were sculptured on the wood with exquisite correctness of detail, and painted with the hues of nature. The Dutch taste for color was here fully gratified. Parrots, love-birds, scarlet lories, blue-faced baboons, crocodiles, passion-flowers, tigers, Egyptian lilies, and Brazilian butterflies, were all mixed up in the most gorgeous confusion. The artist, whoever he was, must have been an admirable naturalist, for the ease and freedom of his carving was only equalled by the wonderful accuracy with which the different animals were represented. Altogether it was one of those oddities of Dutch conception whose strangeness was, in this instance, redeemed by the excellence of the execution.

Such was the establishment that Jasper Joye and myself were to inhabit for the summer months. "What a strange thing it was," said Jasper, as we lounged on the piazza together the night of our

arrival, "that old Van Koeren's property should never have turned up!"

"It is a question with some people whether he had any at his death," I answered. "Pshaw! every one knows that he did not or could not have lost that with which he retired from business."

"It is strange," said I, thoughtfully; "yet every possible search has been made for any documents that might throw some light on the mystery. I have myself sought in every quarter for the traces of this lost wealth, but in vain."

"Perhaps he buried it?" suggested Jasper, laughing; "if so, we may find it here in some hole one fine morning."

"I think it much more likely that he destroyed it," I replied. "You know he never could be got to believe that Alain Van Koeren was his son, and I believe him quite capable of having flung all his money into the sea, in order to prevent those whom he considered not of his blood inheriting it, which they must have done under our laws."

"I am sorry that Alice did not become an heiress, both for your sake and hers. She is a charming girl."

Jasper, from whom I concealed nothing, knew of my love.

"As to that," I answered, "it is little matter. I shall in a year or two be independent enough to marry, and can afford to let Mr. Van Koeren's cherished gold sleep wherever he has concealed it."

"Well, I'm off to bed," said Jasper, yawning. "This country air makes one sleepy early. Be on the look-out for trap-doors and all that sort of thing, old fellow. Who knows but the old chap's dollars will turn up. Good night!"

"Good night, Jasper!"

So we parted for the night. He to his room, which lay on the west side of the building, I to mine on the east, situated at the end of a long corridor, and exactly opposite to Jasper's.

The night was very still and warm. The clearness with which I heard the song of the katydid, and the croak of the bull-frog, seemed to make the silence more distinct. The air was dense and breathless, and although longing to throw wide my windows, I dared not, for without the ominous trumpeting of a whole army of mosquitoes sounded threateningly.

I tossed on my bed oppressed with the heat; kicked the blankets into every spot where they ought not to be; gradually got the sheets twisted into a rope; turned my pillow every two minutes in the hope of finding a cool side; in short, did everything that a man does when he lies awake on a very hot night, and can not open his window.

Suddenly, in the midst of my miseries, and when I had made up my mind to fling open the casement in spite of the legion of mosquitoes that I knew were hungrily waiting outside, suddenly I felt a continuous stream of cold air blowing upon my face. Luxurious as the sensation was, I could not help starting as I felt it. Where could this draught come from? The door was closed—so were the windows. It did not come from the direction of the fire-place; and even if it did, the air without was too still to produce so strong a current. I got up in my bed and gazed round the room, the whole of which, though only lit by a dim twilight, was still sufficiently visible. I thought at first it was a trick of Jasper's, who might have provided himself with a bellows or a long tube; but a careful investigation of the apartment convinced me that no one was there. Besides, I had locked the door, and it was not likely that any one had been concealed in the room before I entered it. It was exceedingly strange; but still the draught of cool wind blew on my face and chest, every now and then changing its direction—sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other. I am not constitutionally nervous, and had been too long accustomed to reflect on philosophical subjects to become the prey of fear in the presence of mysterious phenomena. I had devoted much of my leisure time to the investigation of what are called supernatural matters, by those who have not reflected or examined sufficiently to discover that none of these apparent miracles are supernatural, but all, however singular, directly dependent on certain natural laws. I became speedily convinced, therefore, as I sat up in my bed peering into the dim recesses of my chamber, that this mysterious wind was the effect or forerunner of a supernatural visitation, and I mentally determined to investigate it as it developed itself with a philosophical calmness.

"Is any one in this room?" I asked, as distinctly as I could. No reply; while the cool wind still swept over my cheek. I knew, in the case of Elizabeth Eslinger, who was visited by an apparition while in the Weinsberg jail, and whose singular and apparently authentic experiences were made the subject of a book by Dr. Kerner, that the manifestation of the spirit was invariably accompanied by such a breezy sensation as I now experienced. I therefore gathered my will, as it were, into a focus, and endeavored, as much as lay in my power, to put myself *en rapport* with the disembodied spirit, if such there was, knowing that on such conditions alone would it be enabled to manifest itself to me.

Presently it seemed to me as if a luminous cloud was gathering in one corner of the room—a sort of dim phosphoric vapor, shadowy and ill-defined. It changed its position frequently, sometimes coming nearer, and at others retreating to the farthest end of the room. As it grew intenser and more radiant, I observed a sickening and corpse-like odor diffuse itself through the chamber, and despite my anxiety to witness this phenomenon undisturbed, I could with difficulty conquer the feeling of faintness which oppressed me.

The luminous cloud now began to grow brighter and brighter as I gazed. The horrible odor of which I have spoken did not cease to oppress me, and gradually I could discover certain lines making themselves visible in the midst of this lambent figure. These lines took the form of a human face—a tall man, dressed in a long dressing-robe, with a pale countenance, burning eyes, and a very cold and prominent chin. At a glance I recognized the original of the picture of old Van Koeren that I had seen with Alice. My interest was now aroused to the highest point; I felt that I stood face to face with a spirit, and doubted not that I should learn the fate of the old man's mysteriously concealed wealth. The spirit presented a very strange appearance. He was not luminous, except some tongues of fire that seemed to proceed from the tips of his fingers, but was completely surrounded by a thin gauze of light, so to speak, through which his outlines were visible. His head was bare, and his white hair fell in huge masses around his stern, saturnine face. As he moved on the floor, I distinctly heard a strange crackling sound, such as one hears when a substance has been overcharged with electricity. But the circumstance that seemed to me most incomprehensible connected with the apparition, was that Mr. Van Koeren held in both hands a curiously painted flower-pot, out of which sprang a number of the most beautiful tulips in full blossom. He seemed very uneasy and agitated, and moved about the room as if in pain, frequently bending over the pot of tulips as if to inhale their odor, then holding it out to me, seemingly in the hope of attracting my attention to it. I was, I confess, very much puzzled. I knew that Mr. Van Koeren had in his lifetime devoted much of his leisure to the cultivation of flowers, importing from Holland the most expensive and rarest of bulbs; but how this innocent fancy could trouble him after death, I could not imagine. I felt assured, however, that some important reason lay at the bottom of this spectral eccentricity, and determined to fathom it if I could. "What brings you here?" I asked audibly; directing mentally, however, at the same time, the question to the spirit with all the power of my will. He did not seem to hear me, but still kept moving uneasily about, with the crackling noise I mentioned, and holding the pot of tulips toward me. "It is evident," I said to myself, "that I am not sufficiently *en rapport* with this spirit in order for him to make himself understood by speech. He has, therefore, recourse to symbols. The pot of tulips is a symbol. But of what?" While reflecting on these things, I continued to gaze upon the spirit. While observing him attentively, he approached my bedside by a rapid movement, and laid one hand on my arm. The touch was icy cold, and pained me at the moment. Next morning my arm was swollen, and marked with a round blue spot. Then passing to my bedroom door, the spirit opened it noisily and went out shutting it behind him. Catching for a moment at the idea that I was the dupe of a trick, I jumped out of bed and ran to the door. It was locked, with the key on the inside, and a brass safety bolt, which lay above the door, was shot safely home. All was as I had left it on going to bed. Yet I declare most solemnly, that as the ghost made his exit, I not alone saw the door open, but I saw the corridor outside, and distinctly observed a large picture of William of Orange that hung just opposite to my room. This to me was the most curious portion of the phenomena I had witnessed. Either the door had been opened by the ghost, and the resistance of physical obstacles overcome in some amazing manner—because in this case the bolts must have been replaced when the ghost was outside the door—or he must have had a sufficient magnetic *rapport* with my mind to impress upon it the belief that the door was opened, and also to conjure up in my brain the vision of the corridor and the picture, features that I would have seen if the door had been opened by any ordinary physical agency.

The next morning at breakfast I suppose my manner must have betrayed me, for Jasper said to me, after staring at me for some time, "Why, Harry Escott, what's the matter with you? You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"So I have, Jasper."

Jasper, of course, burst out in a loud fit of laughter, and said he'd shave my head and give me a shower bath. "Well, you may laugh," I answered; "but you shall see it to-night, Jasper." He became serious in a moment—I suppose there was something earnest in my manner that convinced him that my words were not idle—and asked me to explain. I described my interview as accurately as I could. "How did you know that it was old Van Koeren?" he asked. "Because I have seen his picture a hundred times with Alice," I answered, "and this apparition was like it as it was possible for a ghost to be like a miniature." "You must not think I'm laughing at you, Harry," he continued, "but I wish you would answer this. We have all heard of ghosts—ghosts of men, women, children, dogs, horses, in fact every living animal; but hang me if ever I heard of the ghost of a flower-pot before!"

"My dear Jasper, you would have heard of such things if you had studied such branches of learning. All the phenomena I witnessed last night are supported by well authenticated facts. The cool wind had attended the appearance of more than one picture, Baron Reichenbach asserts that his patients, who you know are for the most part sensitive to apparitions, invariably feel this wind when a magnet is brought close to their bodies. With regard to the flower-pot about which you make so merry, it is to me the least wonderful portion of the apparitions. When a ghost is unable to find a person of sufficient receptivity, in order to communicate with him by speech, he is obliged to have recourse to symbols to express his wishes. These he either creates by some mysterious power out of the surrounding atmosphere, or he impresses, by magnetic force on the mind of the person he visits, the form of the symbol he is anxious to have represented. There is an instance mentioned by Jung Stilling of a student at Brunswick, who appeared to a professor of his college with a picture in his hands, which picture had a hole in it that the ghost thrust his head through. For a long time this symbol was a mystery; but the student was persevering, and appeared every night with his head through the picture, until at last it was discovered that, before he died, he had gotten some painted slides for a magic lantern from a shop keeper in the town, which had not been paid for at his death; and when the debt had been discharged, he and his picture vanished forevermore. Now here was a symbol distinctly bearing on the question at issue. This poor student could find no better way of expressing his uneasiness at the debt for the painted slides than by thrusting his head through a picture. How

he conjured up the picture I can not pretend to explain, but that it was used as a symbol is evident."

"Then you think the flower-pot of old Van Koeren is a symbol?"

"Most assuredly, the pot of tulips he held was intended to express that which he could not speak. I think it must have had some reference to his missing property, and it is our business to discover in what manner."

"Let us go and dig up all the tulip beds," said Jasper, "who knows but he may have buried his money in one of them?"

I grieve to say that I assented to Jasper's proposition, and on that eventful day every tulip in that quaint old garden was ruthlessly uprooted. The gorgeous macaws, and ragged parrots, and long-legged pheasants so cunningly formed by those brilliant flowers, were that day exterminated. Jasper and I had a regular battle amidst this floral preserve, and many a splendid bird fell before our unerring spades. We, however, dug in vain. No secret coffer turned up out of the deep mould of the flower beds. We evidently were not on the right scent. Our researches for that day terminated, and Jasper and myself waited impatiently for the night.

It was arranged that Jasper should sleep in my room. I had a small bed rigged up for him near my own, and I was to have the additional assistance of his senses in the investigation of the strange phenomena that we so confidently expected to appear.

The night came. We retired to our respective couches, after carefully bolting the doors, and subjecting the entire apartment to the strictest scrutiny, rendering it totally impossible that a secret entrance should exist unknown to us. We then put out the lights and awaited the apparition.

We did not remain in suspense long. About twenty minutes after we retired to bed Jasper called out,

"Harry," said he, "I feel the cool wind!"

"So do I," I answered, for at that moment a light breeze seemed to play across my temples.

"Look, look, Harry," continued Jasper in a tone of painful eagerness, "I see a light—there in the corner!"

It was the phantom. As before, the luminous cloud appeared to gather in the room, growing more and more intense each minute. Presently the dark lines mapped themselves out, as it were, in the midst of this pale, radiant vapor, and there stood Mr. Van Koeren, ghastly and mournful as ever, with the pot of tulips in his hands.

"Do you see it?" I asked

time. Let us go to work. See! here's the pot of tulips."

This pot of tulips occupied the centre of the mantle-piece, and served as a nucleus round which all the fantastic animals sculptured elsewhere might be said to gather. It was carved on a species of raised shield, or boss, of wood, that projected some inches beyond the plane of the remainder of the mantle-piece. The pot itself was painted a brick color. The snakes were of bronze color, gilt, and the tulips—yellow, red, and purple—were painted after nature with the most exquisite accuracy.

For some time Jasper and myself tugged away at this projection without any avail. We were convinced that it was a movable panel of some kind, but yet we totally failed to move it. Suddenly I struck me that I had not yet twisted it. I immediately proceeded to apply all my strength, and after a few seconds of vigorous exertion, I had the satisfaction of finding it move slowly round. After giving it half a dozen turns, to my astonishment the long upper panel of the mantle-piece fell out toward us, apparently on concealed hinges after the manner of the portion of escutcheons that is used for writing upon. Within were several square cavities sunk in the wall, and lined with wood, like the pigeon holes of a desk. In one of these was a bundle of papers.

We seized these papers with avidity, and hastily glanced over them. They proved to be documents vouching for property to the amount of nearly two hundred thousand dollars, invested in the name of Mr. Van Koeren in a certain firm at Bremen, who, no doubt, thought by this time that the money would remain unclaimed forever. The desires of these poor troubled spirits were accomplished. Justice to the child had been given through the instrumentality of the erring father.

The formulas necessary to prove Alice and her mother sole heirs to Mr. Van Koeren's estate were briefly gone through, and the poor governess leaped suddenly from the task of teaching stupid children to the envied position of a great heiress. I had ample reason afterward for thinking that her heart did not change with her position.

That Mr. Van Koeren became aware of his wife's innocence, just before he died, I have no doubt. How this was manifested, I can not say of course, but I think it is highly probable that his poor wife herself was enabled at the critical moment of dissolution, when the link that binds body and soul together is attenuated to the last thread, to put herself in rapport with her unhappy husband. Hence his sudden starting up in his bed, his apparent conversation with some invisible being, and his fragmentary disclosures, too broken, however, to be comprehended.

The question of apparitions has been so often discussed, that I feel no inclination to enter here upon the truth or fallacy of the ghostly theory. I myself believe in ghosts. Alice, my wife—for we are married, dear reader—believes in them firmly; and if it suited me to do so, I could overwhelm you with a scientific theory of my own on the subject, reconciling ghosts and natural phenomena. I will spare you, however, for I intend to deliver a lecture on the subject at Hope Chapel this winter, and if I disclosed my theory now, some one of our "gifted lecturers" would perhaps forestall me, and make "his arrangements for the season" on the strength of my ideas. Any one, however, who wishes to investigate this subject, will find an opportunity by addressing a note to Mr. Harry Escott, care of the publishers of this Magazine.

Christian Spiritualist.

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labors.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 24, 1855.

"THE NEW JERUSALEM MESSENGER."

In the *Spiritualist* of Nov. 10, we had occasion to correct an issue made with ourselves and with the Society's circular, by the Editor of the above paper. In doing this, we found it necessary to be plain of speech, because previous and milder efforts had failed seemingly to convince some of our contemporaries we were in earnest.

We seem to have been more fortunate in our last effort, with our Swedenborgian neighbors, for we find in the *New Jerusalem Messenger*, of Nov. 17, the following atonement:

THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.—It has been suggested from several sources, as well as by an article in the *Christian Spiritualist* of Nov. 10, that our paper of Oct. 27 contained some over-severe remarks upon the Circular of the "Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," sent us for insertion by the Editor of the *Spiritualist*. Subsequent reflection has convinced us that our words on that occasion, when alluding to the "Circular," were more harsh than we were at the time aware of, and more severe than a reproof of the "Circular" seems now to justify. We are also ready to admit, that courtesy required us to allow the "Society" an opportunity to protest against the doctrine of "Passional Attraction" from their own standpoint. It ought to be, and undoubtedly is, matter of rejoicing to every friend of religion and good morals, that men are induced from any rational motive to "protest" against so destructive an evil as that which the Society's "Circular" was intended to denounce.

Having made this apology for a few hastily-written paragraphs, we feel under no obligation to notice the offensive remarks upon "Swedenborgianism" in the *Spiritualist*. Recrimination, while it absolves no one upon whom it is exercised from the obligations of justice, has in itself nothing entitling it to respect.

The general spirit of this "apology" will go much farther in recommending its writer, than the argument with which it closes; for however proper it may be for a third party to criticize the style, spirit and logic of an argument, it is not *wisely*, neither is it suggestive of very deep humility for the man who aggravated the issue, and called forth the "recrimination" to preach his opponent a sermon on *good behavior and contrite ethics*. "It is a good divine that follows his own instructions."

It is highly probable, however, that our manner and matter are at times rough, lacking polish and refinement; but with us it is fundamental to our social and Christian ethics to be a Man first, and after that, to be as gentle as possible.

We can assure the Editor of the *New Jerusalem Messenger*, however, that whatever rough thoughts his "over-sensitive" criticism and unnecessary antagonism awakened, that his prompt "apology" goes far towards softening their severity—depriving us of relish for further criticism or recrimination.

Differences there probably are, and will continue to be, between us; but these are harmless and inoffensive, where justice and judgment give character to the mind and its manifestations.

Beside the above apology, the article in the *Messenger* contains some critical and theological strictures on our review of the "Remarks upon the Society's 'Circular,'" which we omit, as we have not the room for such comments, as their insertion would invite.

As, however, we contemplate publishing a short series of articles, in examination of some issues made by the "new Church" organs on Spiritualism—and also to explain our relations to, and the benefits we are likely to receive from, a study of Swedenborg's writings—we may have occasion to return to the strictures of the *Messenger*; when we shall write of them as they are, *equitably* observing the suggestion, in "Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

SUNDAY LECTURES.—Mr. Austin E. Simmons of Vermont, a trance medium, will speak at the Stuyvesant Institute, next Sunday, morning and evening.

MR. JOEL TIFFANY.

This gentleman lectured at the Stuyvesant Institute on last Sunday morning and evening. The audience in the morning was large, but in the evening the Lecture Room was crowded to its utmost capacity. As Mr. Tiffany has been before the public for years—and was among the first to see and publicly proclaim the truth, beauty and consolations of Spiritualism, we were not disappointed in expecting from him a strong, logical, and a somewhat harmonized exposition of the Gospel of Spiritual truth. His morning effort was a well-thought out and logically rounded address, which surpassed anything we have heard at the Institute this season—for plain sense, solid reasoning, historic consistency, and philosophic reliability. His subject—(the "Mosaic Dispensation," or the reign of Selfishness)—admitted a great diversity of illustration; and was enforced from so many stand points, that if there was a "way-faring man" in the audience, even he could not fail to see that the Mosaic Dispensation was more Spiritual and actual than historical; as every soul had to make its own *exodus* from sin and selfishness before it could come into the Christian or Love Dispensation.

Mr. T. was earnest in enforcing this statement, and asserted, without fear of contradiction, that New York, the United States, and Christendom in general, was still in the Mosaic or selfish, rather than in the Christian Dispensation. Mr. Tiffany's evening lecture was in answer to the question, "What is truth?" which was more explanatory and illustrative of the subjective method of elaborating truth, than *objectively* or positively to state what truth was.

The lecture, however, we considered as introductory to a short course, which we hope, Mr. Tiffany will be invited to give, when he returns to the city. We hope so, as Mr. Tiffany's mind is constructive and catholic, rather than destructive or critical. Of the latter class of lecturers, we have many, of the former, but few. Mr. Tiffany lectures in Troy on next Sunday, and in this city on the Sunday following.

THE POT OF TULIPS.

We copied the article on the first page, under the above heading, believing the narrative would be as interesting to the young and imaginative of our readers as the *hints* it contains of the philosophy of Spirit-intercourse, might be suggestive and instructive to all others. The moral of the story will hardly need a special notice, since its general tone and language are not only friendly to the purities and beauties of Spiritualism, but outline the *penalties* and sad consequences of mistaking and mispending the golden opportunities of life. To the external Spiritualist, or man of *facts*, we suggest the propriety of asking and answering the question, why Mrs. and Mr. Van Koeren kept a *part* in the Spirit world? As the *philosophy* elaborated may teach him, that our neglects and defects pass with us into the Spirit world, for the time crippling our progress and limiting our happiness.

There is much in the story, however, in an external point of view to interest, for while it cannot fail of giving pleasure to nearly all who may read it, the very *fact* of its publication in a popular monthly, must be very significant to the Spiritualist, who has had to hear the slings and arrows of an outrageous public opinion, because he spoke of what he *knew*, and testified to what he had seen. It is evident from all this, that Time is a great physician, for in this as in other ages, he has *worked wonders*.

THE GOOD OF SPIRITUALISM.

Monday morning brought us a large "exchange mail" for examination; "and among others of less note," we found the Boston *Oliver Branch*. This caused surprise, as we knew the *Oliver Branch* had either refused or neglected to "exchange" with us, although we had sent them papers—not a few—within the last year. Indeed, we had long since come to the conclusion, that our cause and paper had been *tried, judged and condemned*, by the editorial wisdom of the *Oliver Branch*, as unworthy of further consideration. This was *hurricane*—very; but, as we had no tears to shed, we calmed our agitated feelings, as other great men have done—*by soliloquy—and mentally* said,

"Let Hercules, himself, do what he may,
The cat will mew, and the dog will have his day."

Not that we wished to compare the Boston *Oliver Branch* to a "cat," but there was something consoling in thus trusting to the future, as it prophesied of "the good time coming," when the "divinity that shapes our ends" will make the first last, and the last first. And, "Oh, my prophetic soul!" the time has arrived; for, unbidden and unasked, the Boston *Oliver Branch* has found its way into our *sanctum*, and waits an examination. "Visions of happiness danced o'er our mind" as we took up the paper, and looked at its suggestive heading, and admired the well-proportioned *doce* with the *olive branch* in its mouth, as it flew over the fast receding waters of the Deluge. The latter was so significant of the materialism of the age, and the *doce* so suggestive of the *spirit voices* now sounding through the air, that sing the glad tidings of immortality, Spirit presence and guardianship, which has caused such great joy, and brought such sweet consolation to so many bereaved souls; surely, said we, this is as it should be, for all speak of hope, and minister to the need of consolation. Here, however, we were reminded by experience that a *humble* face does not always accompany a *sound* heart; and so we opened the "*Oliver*," that we might know of its *internals*. And great was our surprise when we found the following in the heart of the *Oliver*, as part of an answer to the *N. E. Spiritualist*. With the controversy pending we have nothing to do, but as the following is expressive of *protest* and *know nothingism*, we give it place, that the deformity of mental bias and hasty conclusion may be made manifest by the light of other evidence. Mrs. Denison, who in some way seems to be associated with the heart of the *Olive*, says—

"We have not known any one made better by a belief in Spiritualism, than by a hearty belief in Christ, the Saviour; nay, nay, we have seen ruin follow in the footsteps of Spiritualism, beginning with the neglect of bible ordinances, neglect of communion with God, and ending in a polluted life, and a horrible death-bed. He knew what was best for us who said, 'there is no other name given under heaven among men, whereby we must be saved.' We shall warn the young from the tendency of Spiritualism: we believe it to be our duty, until it reconciles completely with the word of God, and we say not this in a bigoted sense, or as a professor merely; we say it as one who believes that glory, power, and dominion belong to Christ and the Father only. We believe from experience, that the last safe fold is in the arms of the good Shepherd. Let the soul go any astray, let the feet get wandering in forbidden paths, and none can tell how soon utter destruction shall come."

Doubtless Mrs. D. is very honest and sincere in all this, but evidently of limited intelligence on the subject under consideration. We say *evidently*, because it were no difficult task to collect the evidence of thousands who are willing to bear ready and cheerful testimony to the *good of Spiritualism*; as it

has not only brought peace and consolation to their souls, but made them "*better*" men and women. This, however, is unnecessary, as the readers of this paper can speak for *themselves*, and make their own selections among their friends and acquaintances. For fear, however, the reader should be as skeptical of the moral and religious character of Spiritualism, as Mrs. D. of the *Olive Branch*, we give place to the following, that its honest and positive testimony may be known. It was sent to the editor of the *New Jerusalem Messenger*, from which paper we copy:—

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 1st, 1855.

MR. JOHN L. JEWETT: Dear Sir and Brother,—Having through the divine mercy of the Lord been lifted up from a state of darkness approximating to night, to a plane from which faint glimmerings of the Morning Land can be seen, through the agency of Spiritual Manifestations alone; and feeling assured that from my confirmed state of infidelity, three years and a half ago, I could not have been brought into an acknowledgment of the Divine Humanity of the Lord Jesus Christ; the Truth, Holiness, and Spirituality of His Word; and the absolute necessity of living a life in accordance with His Commandments,—no! not by any mortal power on earth, nor through the Word, the writings of Swedenborg, or the teachings of any man or set of men—it has occurred to me as somewhat strange in this connection, that the New Church, so called, should be found foremost in the hue and cry which the world has started against Spiritual Manifestations; foremost to denounce as impostures all these phenomena now occurring constantly in one-half the family circles throughout the country. I assert most positively, that I have been raised from a state of spiritual darkness, to the foregoing acknowledgments as to Doctrine and Life, and thus have been enabled to read many of Swedenborg's works; to understand and appreciate them; to adopt them so far as they are confirmed by my own experience. But I cannot subscribe fully to the works of any fallible man, however pure and learned he may be, only so far as my rational mind is satisfied and convinced. I do not belong to the Swedenborgian Church, so called, but I trust I am an humble member of the New Church of Christ, which is so clearly set forth in the twenty-first chapter of Revelation.

Now what I desire to call your attention to at this time, is the necessity of the members of the New or Swedenborgian Church examining these phenomena called Spiritual Manifestations; before they denounce these or any other phenomena, that they inform themselves in regard to them. If they do not find evidence sufficient to satisfy them, after a full and thorough examination, then it will be time enough to condemn, and, if they will, to crucify Spiritualism. But to condemn openly and loudly what we do not understand, is certainly not the office of the members of the New Church, as I understand it; because it seems clear to my mind that one of the first requisites of a New Churchman is, to exercise the utmost respect for the opinions of other men; to claim for himself, and render to all men, the right of *private judgment*: to secure to all men the most perfect *freedom* of thought and action. I believe Swedenborg teaches that man cannot be regenerated by the Lord unless he is in a state of freedom. I certainly have no doubt upon this subject.

Moral, Intellectual, and Spiritual freedom, are all essential to regeneration; hence the restrictions and restraints thrown about the members of your associations already, will keep a great number out who prefer to become regenerate through the operative mercy of the Lord alone. The restrictions, and shackles, and dogmas of the old church drove me, and thousands of other men, who could not brook such bondage, to infidelity. It will produce the same fruit in time, in your associations, depend upon it. The Spirit of God is now being poured out again upon men in abundance, for these are the "last days" spoken of by the Prophets and Apostles: "Our sons and our daughters are prophesying, our young men see visions, and our old men dream dreams." The true church is descending from God out of heaven, adorned as a bride for her husband, into the hearts of men who are being regenerated by the Lord to that end. And Spiritual Manifestations are the means being used in its accomplishment by the Lord. Not that all kinds of manifestations are reliable, but that they are performing uses in the accomplishment of this glorious dispensation.

Man now, in and out of the Old Church, has become materialistic. Even the members of the old church do not believe in the immortality of the soul; hence they bury their affections in the tomb of their departed friends. But Spiritualism, even the lowest class of manifestations, is clearly proving that the soul is immortal; that man does live after death, and that the spirit does not exist from the body, but is independent of it. In the midst of much error, these important truths are made conspicuously manifest. I have been converted myself, entirely through Spiritual Manifestations, as before stated; doubtless many others are, or will be in time, through the mercy of God. For he is opening the Spiritual perceptions of men continually, giving them access to Love and Wisdom through angels and the spirits of departed friends. Spiritualism, in my opinion, is doing more towards introducing a state of Life favorable for the reception of the New Church, than all the writings of men and teachings of churches.

My conversion and the manner thereof, I may give you at some future day, if I can perceive that an end of use may be accomplished by making it public. It was as miraculous to me as St. Paul's conversion was to him. I ask you now only to suspend the utterance of all denunciations until you have thoroughly examined this subject of Spiritualism. "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." For verily the kingdom of heaven is come nigh unto us. "And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God."—Rev. xxi. 3. This passage is given as an introduction to the Spiritual Manifestation which was seen previous to commencing our worship at a prayer-meeting which is held usually at my office, every Sabbath morning, at 9 o'clock. After prayer on the 21st of October, ult., my spirit sight was opened, and I saw the angel of the Word with a flaming sword in his right hand, also a guardian angel of the church on the other side of the altar. A Tabernacle was shown covering the altar, but open in front. The curtains were of purple, scarlet, and fine twined linen; the ornaments of gold, fringes and tassels of the same; the Word, which was lying upon the altar, was surrounded by a halo of gold-colored light, most pleasant to look upon; looking through the open curtains into the centre of the Tabernacle, I saw in letters of fire exceedingly bright, these words above and behind the Altar: "Behold the Tabernacle of God is with men." The Angel of the Word informed me that his office was to guard the Word from profanation. The number of persons who usually attend these

meetings is from thirty to forty, a large proportion being mediums for Spiritual Manifestations, generally in accord upon the subject of doctrine and life. There is also an organized association or church in our city, called the Christian Church of the New Jerusalem, the members of which are generally Spiritual Mediums, and with whom we agree in regard to doctrines and life; but with them we honestly differ in regard to discipline, or church government. We hold that a perfect state of freedom is essential, moral, spiritual, and intellectual; they say that man must be coerced to do what is right; by which is meant, and insisted on, *what they think is right*; thus they are Orthodox and Sectarian, as much so as the old churches, or at least so it appears to us. We believe, however, and trust that we are all becoming regenerate through the Divine Mercy, each according to his state.

Respectfully and fraternally in the Lord your brother,

W. H. HITCHINGS.

And this is our answer to Mrs. Denison, and all others of like character. They may criticize and condemn, and we will give them the olive branch of *facts*, that they may learn that religious skepticism and moral death is abating from off the face of the earth.

GOLD DUST VS. COAL DUST.

The rich and the poor—Gold above—Coal below: but two thin layers of board and lath divide them. The banker glories in his affluence—the coalman chokes in an atmosphere of dust. With delicate fingers, the one counts over his bank bills, and arranges them in heaps of thousands—with torn and knotty hands, the other groans beneath his basket of anthracite, until, by time and labor, the bin in yonder dark corner has received its portion. By one bold stroke of genius and cunning, *Gold* acquires fortune upon fortune. By long, severe toil *Coal* earns his bare quarter.

What makes the disparity? Is not the one a man as well as the other? Do not both own the same God? Are they not *brothers*? Shall Justice reverse the poet's words, and proclaim—"What-ever is, is" wrong?

Let us not despair. All is not *wrong*—all is not *right*. All will yet be *well*—so Hope whispers.

Poverty has its uses—so has wealth. The conditions are God-ordained. We speak not of *specialties*. Were there no *poverty*, there could be no *wealth*. Poverty is a necessary condition. It is as the steam to the iron horse—driving man onwards to new openings, and higher aspirations. Poverty is rather the flaming fire beneath, by which the steam of intellectual purpose is generated. The fear of *poverty*, and the desire for *wealth*, are the great instilling motives to human advancement—improvement, discovery, invention. With poverty, as a haggard demon, standing ever behind him, showing his filthy rags, and threatening unnumbered ills, and *wealth* as a star crowned Goddess, beckoning ever in the distant prospect, promising even more than she can ever honor; man must necessarily advance.

An ocean without its tempests would be stagnation and death to the mariner. Better than the storm king ride in terrible anger over its surface: better death gather his startled victims from its bosom, than the wide earth be cursed by the contagion which comes of inaction.

Were there no poverty, there would be no *charity*—Justice might lay aside her scales, and *Industry* seek forever the seclusion of the sepulchre.—Life would be rest, idleness, stagnation.

What then? Is God just? Yes. *Man* is unwise. He interprets not the wisdom of the Creator; he heeds not the love which surrounds him like an ever present aroma.

God is good. To the poor good—to the rich, good—good to all his creatures. In the deprivations and agonies to which they are liable, good even here.

Look at the world. Every creature occupied.—Work for the muscles—work for the nerves—work for the brain. All action—action—action. Is this not right? Could there be progress without it? No. Whence the motive power, by which this glorious phenomena is produced? *Necessity*.

And God is just. Wealth is desirable; but does she honor her drafts at sight? Is she not delusive? Are the rich *happier* than the poor? Are they *healthier*? Are they *holier*? Is the miser with his gold, in receipt of greater dividends from the bank of nature, than he of the tattered garb and smutted skin? Seek not for wretchedness amongst the temperate poor. Ask rather the slightest wife, of that wealthy licentiate. Ask the paupered progeny of a diseased and crippled parentage, who walk life's busy marts in arm with death, and whose only prospect is an early grave. Well may the poet sing

"From labor, health; from health contentment springs:
Contentment ope's the source to every joy"

Sing it, ye who toil for your daily bread. Let it ring out with the sound of thy tireless axe. As turning for culture the virgin soil, sing it; whether toiling with muscle or brain, sing it! Inspiration has never breathed forth truer lines!

Without contentment there is no real *happiness*—no contentment without health—no health without labor—no labor without *NECESSITY*.

Man may be overworked. This is *violation* of the law—good *perverted*—a crying evil which calls upon every true man for a remedy. A wise people would be temperate in their labor. The decline of every day should be to every man a *sabbath of rest and recreation*. He should not wait until the curtain of night invites him to unlawful pleasures; but, while yet the bright sun, scatters from mid-heaven her untold blessings, he should be up from his bench and his desk, and bidding toil adieu for a season, seek for development in the true academy of rest and recreation. There should be no exceptions. The rich and the poor—the husband and the wife—the parent and the child—sacred to all should be this daily sabbath.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

It prevents true development. It produces *inharmoney*. It gives bodily strength, but checks mental soul progress. It cripples the immortal Spirit.

Here is work to be done. By whom? Shall orthodoxy, with its mind intimidating creeds? Shall heterodoxy with its coward, half-way pretensions? Shall skepticism, that acknowledges no God, defines no purpose in creation, and proclaims with bigot firmness, Spirit existence is *impossible*, despising the very evidence it has so long deprecated desirable? Shall we look to these giant organizations, which hang like oppressive weights upon humanity's struggling heart? Shall we expect of these time-tried professional reformers, the redemption of man, from the thralldom of tyrannical custom? No. These have been "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Shall the work be neglected? What say you of the *harmonious brotherhood*? Shall the groaning millions who delve in deep underground—shall the masses who perish for lack of rest amid abundance,

cry to you in vain? Shall your beloved homes continue to be work houses, into which the tyrant custom incarcerates your *wives* and dooms them to *perpetual imprisonment*? Will you not strike one successful blow for your own, and your brother's inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the *pursuit of happiness*?

Poverty is *necessary*. But shall the poor have no claims upon the rich? Shall they, who are the victims of this great necessity, receive no aid from the affluent by the same law? They are poor, as the verdict of a depraved or undeveloped condition, just as you are *rich* by reason of an opposite and better train of circumstances. They are weak—shall not the strong protect them? Ignorant—shall not the *wise* instruct them? *Diseased*—shall not the *healthy* support and nourish them. THEY ARE OUR BROTHERS.

Covered over with dust, dressed in rags, bruised in feature—thy brother still. The filthy but is his habitation, and poverty attends him and his little ones with unspeakable deprivations—thy brother still. Grey hairs are his, and a bent body, and even now, he must labor for the spare little, for which he is ever thankful—he is thy brother still.

O thou, who has plenty, be not close in bargaining with the sons of toil. Rather give a trifle more than required, and if thou never hast before, know now the indescribable joy of helping the children of necessity. A. C. McC.

Philadelphia, Nov. 12, 1855.

DR. HARE'S LECTURE AT THE TABERNACLE.

The friends of Spiritualism, without being overzealous in proselytizing, feel necessitated to use every proper method to convince the skeptical and external mind of the truth of Spirit-intercourse, as they wish the manifestations to be instrumental, in the practical inauguration of the Gospel, of a common destiny and a common brotherhood—as isolation, estrangement, and a selfish individualism, has too long characterized and given coloring to the popular manifestations of mind. The antagonisms which the advent of Spiritualism has called out, must give way to the authority of *facts*,—for while their logic is either *constructive* or *destructive*, according to the plan of the investigator, the spirit and genius of Spiritualism is explanatory, conciliatory and catholic to every mind that loves God and truth, above and before the accidents and prejudices of its education.

To aid progress in this direction, the friends of Spiritualism in this city invited Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia, to deliver a lecture on the Manifestations. The Dr.'s past experience as a religious skeptic and profound chemist, entitle his method of examination, as well as his conclusions, to a respectful consideration by all thoughtful and honest seekers after truth. The following invitation sent to the Doctor received a prompt reply, which we give in the order of the correspondence:—

NEW YORK, Nov. 1855.

PROF. ROBERT HARE, M. D.:

Sir: Having a high appreciation of your abilities and life-long labor as a man of science; and learning that you have recently been employing your vast resources of ingenuity and experience in the investigation of the current phenomena known by some as "Spiritual Manifestations;" and having, moreover, been informed that you have, in this investigation, employed such mechanical apparatus and other contrivances as in your judgment, were calculated to preclude all possible deception, and exhibit the precise nature of the agent involved in the production of the phenomena aforesaid—the undersigned, citizens of New York, would respectfully invite you to explain your experiments with their results, in a public lecture, in this city, to be delivered at your earliest convenience.

John W. Draper, M. D. Edward K. Collins.
John S. Crane, M. D. John Biggs.
Robert P. Gibson, M. D. John Cochran.
Edward Bayard, M. D. Isaac V. Fowler.
R. Ogden Doremus, M. D. John Odell.
E. H. Davis, M. D. Henry Hebbard.
A. D. Wilson, M. D. Robert P. Duncan.
A. M. Banks, M. D. J. B. Hyde.
H. H. Hall.
Ira B. Davis.
David Bryson.
J. A. Deveau.
J. W. Orr.
J. B. Merrick.
J. S. Redfield.
J. W. Edmonds.
S. B. Brittan.
A. Smith.
William Fishbough.
Benj. Ellis.
S. C. Brown.
F. C. Reynolds.
Dan. Griffin.
Sidney Kopman.
Jas. Y. Watkins.
P. E. Farnsworth.

Nearly one hundred names are appended to the call.

DR. HARE'S REPLY.

To Messrs. John W. Draper, M. D., E. K. Collins, and others:

Gentlemen: The letter bearing your signatures, in which I am honored with an invitation to give an exposition of my inquiries respecting Spiritual Manifestations, is just received.

In reply to your request, I hasten to say that I will gratify me much to comply with your wishes on Friday evening next.

I am gratefully, your well wisher,
Nov. 20, 1855.
ROBERT HARE.

The Lecture will be given in the Broadway Tabernacle, Friday evening, 23d instant.

THE MARVELS AND MANIFESTATIONS AT BUFFALO.

Those visiting the Davenport and other circles in the above city, continue their testimony in favor of the wonders there developed.

The following is from the Buffalo Republic of November 13:

"We have on various occasions alluded to the mysterious and inexplicable manifestations at the above locality on Main street, which are being daily and nightly developed, and of a character to startle the most intelligent minds in this or any other community. That these demonstrations partake of more than mere human agency, we are inclined to think any reasoning mind, after fairly looking into the matter, and bringing all ordinary and extraordinary talent to bear upon it, and failing to elucidate, will be obliged to acknowledge, we cannot for a moment doubt; but of the character of the cause which does produce phenomena so peculiar, it is not our province to speculate upon.

"It would appear that mind, the concentrated mental force present at certain times will either in one case help to produce certain effects, or in other cases serve to destroy them. Also, that the atmosphere at times is favorable or unfavorable, and other influences operating for or against the demonstration of a new and most mysterious principle, the germ of which is now beginning to manifest itself. Night after night, and daily also, can be heard a voice, which speaks with, to say the least, human strength, and conveying ideas often

of more than ordinary human sagacity. This intelligence can be communicated with when one is alone with the single medium, a boy of some twelve years old whose hands are held, at which time the air is filled with noises, and sounds partaking of voices, whistlings, fingering of the strings of violins, guitars, &c. Last evening, with a number of respectable and perfectly sensible observers, we witnessed all of the above demonstrations, and a few more of even greater mystery. Lights of a character resembling shooting stars or the rapid passage of lightning, filled the room for several minutes. This phenomena is, we are told, often observed when human and atmospheric influences permit; but a still more unaccountable demonstration was given of this superhuman power. There were two mediums at the table, the eldest, a lad of some sixteen, we should judge. This boy was lifted, chair and all, to the ceiling, a distance of some twelve feet at least, and struck heavily there, indenting the plastering, and marking the chair with the white-wash. A request was made to the invisible agent who controls and converses with them, to do it again, and permit the boy to mark the ceiling with red chalk. After the company satisfied themselves by placing a chair on the table and standing up in it the boy could not reach the ceiling within several feet, the lights are put out, and immediately a heavy body, like dropping a hundred weight upon the floor, was felt to have come down; the light was produced, and a red chalk line on the ceiling showed where the boy had been.

"Perhaps some rational explanation can be given of human agency in all this; if so, we should like to get hold of it. We feel that ordinary principles known to man, will not admit of it; but what it is—there we will leave the subject."

DR. JOHN MAYHEW'S LECTURES.

We insert the following with pleasure, as we wish our readers to know with what satisfaction the labors and lectures of Bro. Mayhew are received abroad, through other testimony than that given in "Notes by the Way." We have heard by letter from the scenes of his labors, and have conversed with those who have heard Bro. M.'s lectures, and all bear testimony to the *solidness* of his thoughts, the purity of his sentiments, and the Spirituality of his theology. No doubt the following will be perused with pleasure by those who know Bro. Mayhew only through his *Notes by the Way*.

NEW LONDON, Nov. 17, 1855.

Mrs. Editor: Dr. Mayhew has been lecturing here on Spiritualism for a few evenings past, and has given us such exhibitions of true philosophy as are seldom heard from the desk. His lectures upon the Nature of Spirit, Spirit Interference, Spirit Influence, and the Doctrines of the Churches, were given to him by Spirits, and contain more of the theory of Spiritualism, and that more definitely expressed, than I have ever seen before within so short a compass. The ideas are consecutive and logical, but at the same time so new to those who have never read Spiritual works as to startle them by their distinctness, and the strong probability of truth, which the very utterance of them carries with it. But with all this close and philosophical reasoning, there is blended the deep affection of a loving nature as well as the skillful painting of the artist. Thus, there is life and feeling in all that is said; and accordingly, the lectures are producing an impression here, which the denunciations of our pulpits, and even the *more potent* ridicule of the ignorant, can never efface. Every evening, except the first, which was stormy, the lecture room was filled, and sometimes crowded. The spirit of inquiry is roused, and will only be satisfied by light.

I ought not to omit mentioning, that as a speaker, the Dr. is surpassed by few, in impressiveness, distinctness, and form of delivery; and in the general excellence of his elocution. The Spirits have certainly chosen well their medium in this respect.

I send you this communication, that the public may know to whom to apply, when a lecture on this subject is needed.

LOGIC vs. ANTI-SPIRITUALISM.

The following, from the *Sunday Dispatch*, will suggest to the churchman, that even *denial* has its ludicrous side and intellectual penalties, as well as any other form of faith. We say *faith*, for scepticism itself is but a *limitation*; not an abnegation of belief.—*Ed. Christian Spiritualist*.

From the Republican Banner.

TRUTH.

BY DIXON.

How like mountain echoes falling

Soft as snow-flakes on the ear,

Truth descends into each bosom;

Makes its holy impress there.

Sweet as the guardian Angel voices

Gently whispering to my soul,

Breathes its forth its mild influence,

Fresh from beauty's lovely mould.

Tenderly as clinging woodbines,

Twines itself about the heart;

Nor can error e'er erase it,

It knows no guilt, knows no art.

Shedding forth a brilliant lustre

On each dark, benighted mind,

It drives from hence each cloud of anguish,

And leaves its light upon the blind.

It speaks to us from all in nature,

As we onward, onward plod,

Through this world of dreams and phantoms,

"There is an Ever-living God."

Full of beauty, full of friendship,

Full of sunlight from on High,

Full of glory, full of honor,

Let us hope with TRUTH to die.

NASHVILLE, Nov. 3d, 1855.

THE LIFE CLOCK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

There is a little mystic clock,

No human eye hath seen;

That beats on—on—beats on—on,

From morning until even.

And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,

And hearts beat a soundless drum,

It ticks and ticks the living night,

And never runs down.

O wondrous is that work of art

Which knells the passing hour,

But art's not formed, nor mind conceived

The life-clock's magic power.

Nor set in gold, nor decked with gems,

By wealth and pride possessed;

But rich or poor, or high or low,

Each bears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream, 'mid beds of flowers,

All still and soft, glides by,

Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat,

It warns of passing tides.

When threatening darkness gathers o'er,

And hope's bright visions flee,

Like the sudden stroke of the muffled ear,

It heathen leath.

When passion heeds the warrior's arm

For deeds of hate and wrong,

Though heed not the fearful sound,

The knell is deep and strong.

Such is the clock that measures life,

Of flesh and spirit blended;

And thus it twill run within the breast,

Till that strange life is ended.

For the Christian Spiritualist.

THE SPIRITUAL MUSE.

We propose under this head to present the finest and most faultless specimens of lyrical inspirations from the invisible world. They will consist of Poems, either original, or such as are not easily accessible to the larger portion of the readers of this journal. The most serious charge against Spiritualism, is the inferiority of its Literature. We hope to show that this does not lie against the more elevated and orderly unfoldings from the Interior. We hope to aid in rendering the popular outcry against Spiritual productions as vain, as that more ancient query of the Edinburgh Review—"Who reads an American book?" Let the reader, therefore, approach this column in a genial and receptive mood, and we trust he will not often go empty away, but find some thing that may quicken his inner and higher life, and mature the purer aspirations of his Spirit into ripened thoughts, truthful words and manly deeds. We shall not in general give the names of the external or the purported Spiritual authors, for the media for the purest, inspirations in either sphere, are not the most anxious to see their names blazoned before the world. But the reader may be assured, that some are not unknown to fame, and that each is believed to possess some special merit, as every flower has a beauty and a fragrance peculiar to itself. And as many of our friends are waiting with some impatience for the appearance of the "Lyric of the Golden Age," we will to-day present them with an extract from that poem. We have already given a general analysis of the First Part of this remarkable production. The Second Part, which extends to near three thousand lines, is wholly in the style of the poet Shelly, and purports to be a Spiritual gift from that radiant genius,—will be delineated by one of the most graceful pens devoted to the columns of this Journal. We will, therefore, make our extract from the Third Part, which is made up of the lyrical offerings of Byron, Coleridge, another poem from Shelly, and a long and powerful poem in blank verse by Robert Pollok. All of these bear the genuine characteristics of their purported authors, and are equal if not superior to their earthly productions. However, our readers can compare and judge for themselves; we think, indeed, that very few will be so obtuse as to be unable to trace the impress of the impetuous Spirit of Lord Byron in the following. Its subject is the Downfall of Pride and Misrule in England.

HERSPERS.

"Again the vision changed; methought I sped
To that white temple where Rousseau was led,
That Spirit Pantheon where Angels find [when
Great England's worthies. It had changed since
Rousseau beheld it. Deathless angel-men
Were thronged within its radiance. There stood
Keats, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge,
Hood,
New splendors in that mighty Pantheon shined.
All, from their inner love shone, mild and calm,
Crowned with the olive and the golden palm,
And robed in radiance, like their own souls, bright.
Byron mused seemingly as doth the Night,
Nursing all stars and storms within its breast.
High shone imperial Alfred; he addressed
Byron: "Last come to this temple led,
I see," he spoke, "thoughts terrible and dread,
Yet crowned with splendor, in thy mind are fed.
Pour forth the music of thy song; let all
Thy mighty brethren listen: let the wall
Of our sun-built palace gather in
The lusters of thy speech; there let them glow,
Reflecting all their truth on mortal men below."

Byron stood forth, most like that cloudy fire,
That long went forth the Hebrew host before,
Within whose brightness a strong Angel stood;
He sang: serenely smiled that august brotherhood.
"O moon-lit city of the Ages past!
O Venice, in thy ruined halls, Decay
Gnaws at the core of that which should outlast
Pontiffs and kings. Thy splendor fades while they
Like vultures on the corpse of Europe prey.
Swollen by their food they fatten, while to thee,
Age brings but slime, and rotting weeds, and spray
From salt lagoons. The melancholy sea
Weeps to behold thy wreck—once prosperous,
Great and free.

O Venice, thou art like some mighty Heart,
Some lofty Poet-soul whose thoughts did rise
More beautiful, more glorious than Art;
No mortal hand ere lifted to the skies,
Or poised between the two eternities
Of Past and Future such aerial piles.
What envious orb hath marred thy destinies?

Fallen art thou; soon day's departing smiles
Shall see but ruins heaped o'er all thy marble isles.

O Venice, I could wail for thee and weep
As a young mother o'er her infant slain;
Thou who didst march to victory o'er the deep
And plow the seas for glory more than gain.
Yet Nations are like men. 'Tis all in vain
To stay the fell destroyer's ruthless hand;
Cities like men are born and die in pain,
And wisest laws, by wisest sages planned,
Fail to arrest the sweep of the consumer's brand.

Yet heaven is full of radiant souls arisen;
They stand upon the ocean's upper shore;
Souls that no tyranny could long imprison.
O Venice, why should I thy fate deplore?
Thou art the sea-bird's empty shell; no more [all.
Thou holdst the minds who framed thy greatness
Like eagles rocked in storms thy sunward soar,
Free from the tumults of this earthly ball.
Thou art their cenotaph—a shroud, a corpse, a pall.

Men made thee what thou wast; the men of old
Since manhood perishes within thee, rot.
When pauper monks, who pardon sin for gold,
Rule the vile herd within thee, when to plot
Against oppression, even to cherish thought
Of better days is counted vilest crime,
Yea, when thy Golden Book is all one blot,
Where pimps and harlots end each princely line,
Thou art already doomed—a God forsaken shrine.

Yet Venice, I have loved thee; I have seen
Mad days of riot 'mid thy palace gates.
I have beheld these crowned, the fairest queen
Of blue Italian day. Thy ruin waits
Like Nemesis, with the attendant Fates,
To hurl thee—harlot—from thy proud dominion.
Remorseless wrath no penalty abates;
The lightning-stricken vulture falls with pinion
Broken—and so shalt thou—false, craven-hearted
minion.

Tyre had like thee her day of princely power;
England succeeds thee; England once my home,
Where my ancestral halls yet proudly tower.
As Tyre and Venice thou shalt yet become
Britannia! Lo, there works a subtle-gnome
In dark and fire-dampened mines beneath thy soil;
And though thy splendor all the world enzone
Ruin shall claim it for his fiery spoil. [who toil.
God's arm smites down the State that crushes those

Far, far from earth, in that obscure abode [heaven,
Where guilt-stained Spirits dwell, remote from
Self-exiled from the countenance of God,
By their wild passions like swift fire-ships driven,
I saw a vision—though my soul is shivered,
That scene of England's doom-day haunts me still.
The cry, the cry, "The rebels have arisen!"
London, afore, the dead black night did fill
With pitchy flames—seven days the fires raged
fiercely, till

The hungry, naked, shelterless became
Millions, like ghosts 'scaped from Tartarean gloom;
And still burnt on that all-devouring flame,
And rich and poor were wrecked in one great doom.
And curses rose from out that yawning tomb
And maniac shouts. No more on bended knee
Men knelt as vassals; no more on bended knee
The thunder-shots, and Pride and Anarchy
Fought 'mid that burning wreck, as when 'mid
storms at sea,

A ship lies mastless, sunken, till her deck
Is level with the waves, and from her hold [check
Grim slaves the hatchways burst, scarce held in
By hungry mariners, till one more bold [led,
Strikes down the foremost; then no more control.
Like lions from their own Numidian sands,
Mad as the lions whose whelp is sold,
All weaponless save clenched and knotted hands,
They crush their captors few, despite their sharp-
ened brands.

Men bared their breasts as they were brazen shields
And charged a-foot against the serried horse;
The multitudes bestrewn a hundred fields,
So numerous were their dead, and every corpse
Smote, being dead, his murderers with remorse,
Because he gave his life for liberty.

The soldiery grew sick with blood. The purse
Bribed them no more. They murmured, "why
should we [free].
Our brethren kill unarmed—they strive but to be

I saw a scarlet star descend from heaven
And burst o'er England, in that vision deep.
Like blazing fire-ships, by the north wind driven,
The seas and planets through the sky did sweep.
Then suddenly, from every star did leap
A giant knight; their plumes were white as snow;
They strode white horses, terrible and fleet
As lightning; trumpets from afar did blow—[low.
Each knight his saber drew—hell opened from be-
Like the grim wolf that suckled Romulus,
With bristling bayonets his breast before,
With nostrils fiery as Vesuvius,
A Beast rose up; a lion, wolf, and boar,
Threefold; his jaws dripped clots of human gore,
His head upheld a miter, and his breath
Was hate. The jointed earth shook at his roar.
Millions of fighting specters from beneath, [death.
Embattled, shaped that phantom huge of hell and
'Tis sweet to see the April violet bloom
Though adders crawl from out the brake and breed.
'Tis sweet to rise immortal, though the tomb
On the decaying body still must feed.
'Tis sweet to hear, great Brutus, of thy deed,
Though Caesar, stark and stiff, corrupts the air—
Each knight turned to his fellow—every deed
Neighed to the trumpets—sweet in vision there
It was to see that Band for the fierce fight prepare.

The woodman to his axe, the musketeer
To gun and pike, the preacher to the Word,
The saint to prayer, the poet and the seer
To prophecy, the soldier to his sword.
War in itself can only be deplored;—
When Good and Evil grapple for the fight,
As must be ere man's freedom is restored,
Rise Hero! charge against Oppression's might!
God and his host cry 'charge'; God conquers with
the Right.

No patriot martyr lives and dies for nought;
The men of Naseby fought at Bunker Hill;
The English Hercules, great Cromwell, fought
Through Spirit-force at Monmouth; so until
All men are free, God's mighty Angels kill
The serpents that oppose bright freedom's car.
Immortal thus all patriot sires fulfill
Their destiny. England that visioned star [with war.
Foretells things yet to be, when thou art scourged
As Herod on his throne by God was smitten,
Eaten by worms in his own entrails bred,
England, thy land is now with doom-fires litten;
Pride, Avarice, Wrath, at cost of virtue fed,
The poor by tyrants robbed of home, friends, bread,
Destroyed in recompense for years of toil,
Starved women forced to the adulter's bed,
Men and their souls made Usury's lawful spoil;—
Forebode thee Herod's doom when war invades thy
soil.

An inward hell within thee chokes and smothers
Like fire in coal-pits; it shall burst anon

Thy serf shall cry, "Help us, ye Western brothers,
To win our rights, even as your own were won,
Light breaketh from the land of Washington!
America shall fight on Freedom's side!
Then Monarchy sets like a blood-red sun
That long triumphant in the skies did ride.
All men shall have their rights, none feed the Op-
pressor's pride.

Marshal thy armed serfs, thou earthly hell,
Old Europe! Bid them seek the English shore;
A new Armada lead the ranks to swell [gore.
Of Pride's fierce minions, drunk with shedding
God kastes the Rights of Nations to restore:
Ghouls of the pit, feasting on men ye slay,
Your wolf-like host shall fall to rise no more.
O'er stormy seas God's eagles seek their prey,
In haste to feast on flesh of kings in that great day.

There is a palsy on thy dying brain;
There is a leprosy upon thy skin;
O England, thy last Prophet pleads in vain;
The Seer Carlyle sits thy proud gates within,
Reasoning with thee of righteousness and sin
And retribution;—men believe him not;—[win;
The rich more wealth, the great more greatness
The peasant grows a pauper, menial, sot; [plot.
Lordlings drink, dice and drab, fearing no Chartists'

Yet wide and deep, from Mersey to the Thames,
The ranking evils of the Social State
Ripen to ruin. Hell's devouring flames
Burn in thy breast, while sleek red-tapists prate
Of 'Progress,' and the Tory press cries 'Wait.'
France, now your friend, ere long shall be your foe.
Thy satraps feast with Cyrus at the gate,
Your wooden walls rot fast as April snow;—
The Bull with gilded horns waits the Destroyer's
blow.

Guelf shall like Tudor and Plantagenet
Be a forgotten name in Windsor Halls;
The German hounds who suck the public teat
Shall feed the just wrath of their risen thralls;
And unctuous deans flee from their burning stalls
While terribly Destruction waves his brand.
Thy blood-cemented fabric shakes and falls,
O Aristocracy; when God's right hand
Thrones Freedom o'er thy isles, none shall His
might withstand."

TESTIMONY FOR SPIRIT-INTERCOURSE.
The following is extracted from the "Appendix"
portion of Bro. J. B. Ferguson's pamphlet on the
"Divine Illumination," as it suggests what the
testimony of the Christian will be, when the subject
of Spirit-Intercourse is looked calmly at and
from the Bible standpoint.—Ed.

Not to prove the reality of Spirit-Communion,
(for that is proved in unanswerable facts and argu-
ments now before the world,) or angelic ministra-
tion, but to expose the folly of the flippant charge
of infidelity now so readily re-echoed by men
whose reading seems as defective as their dogma-
tism is positive, I take down a few authors to show,
that faith in the ministry of angels has been the
faith of the Church in all ages.

It has been seen by a multiplicity of proofs, that
all the Patriarchs, Lawgivers, Kings, Prophets and
Apostles, of Bible history, believed in the apparition
of Spirits, and attributed their revelations, de-
liverances, and privileges, to God through this
agency.

The Apocryphal Books are full of the same idea.
Onias, who had been dead several years, appeared
to Judas Maccabees in the attitude of a man with
his hands outspread, and so also the Prophet Jeremia-
h, who is called the protector and friend of his
Brethren.—2 Macc. x: 29. In the thirteenth of the
battle fought by Timotheus, five men were seen
descending from Heaven "mounted on horses with
golden bridles," who blind and alarm the aggres-
sive army.—1 Macc. xi: 1. These five Spirit-
horsemen were no other than the father of Judas
and his four brothers deceased.

St. Augustine says, the "dead have often ap-
peared to the living, accompanied by strange sounds."
Aug. de Cura pro Mortuis, c. x.

St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, who suffered
martyrdom A. D. 107, was often seen by his dis-
ciples environed in light, and many of them testi-
fied, under the most solemn circumstances, that
they had embraced him.—Acta Sancta Martyra,
pp. 11, 12; Ed. 1713.

After the death of St. Ambrose, some baptized
Neophytes declared they saw the holy Bishop, and
their parents could not see him, says the historian,
their eyes not being purified. (We would say,
Spiritualized.)—Paulin, St. Ambrose, 47, 48.

We could fill pages with details accredited by
the Church, Orthodox and Heterodox, of apparitions,
but we would exhaust your patience.

The faith of Luther upon this subject is well
known. In more modern times, such men as Dr.
George Campbell, Moses Stuart, Dr. Augustus Ne-
ander, Dr. Chalmers and Albert Barnes, whose
works are familiar to all American Protestants,
speak as follows:

"Angel, a name given to any messenger of God
—a Spirit, whether of earthly or celestial origin."
—Dr. Geo. Campbell's eighth Dissertation.

"Of the ministry of angels, we have many ex-
amples, both in the Old and New Testaments."
—Com. of McKnight, Heb. 1, 14.

"That the sacred writers everywhere regard an-
gels, and speak of them as intelligent beings, hav-
ing a real existence, appears so plain that it would
seem as if no one, who is not strongly wedded to
his own a priori and philosophical reasoning, could
venture to deny it."—Com. on Heb. p. 297, by Moses
Stuart.

Angels "walk in the sight of God. They re-
joice in the beatitudes of his presence. The veil
is from off their eyes, and they see the character
of a Presiding Divinity in every scene, and in every
event to which the Divinity has given birth. When
they see a new evolution in the history of created
things, the reason they bend toward it so attentive
an eye is, that it speaks to their understanding
some new evolution in the purposes of God; some
new manifestation of his high attributes; some
new and interesting steps in the history of his su-
blime administration."—Dr. Chalmers' Sermons, vol.
2, p. 386. See the sermon *passim*. Did the Spirit
by the writer anticipate our day?

"The Centurion heard that Christ, in compliance
with the request of the Elders, was approaching
his house. But the thought arose, hast thou not
gone too far in asking the Son of God, who has Spi-
rits at his command, to come to thy house? Could
he not have employed one of his hosts of minister-
ing Spirits to accomplish it? "Christ employed
Spiritual agencies in the cure of disease, though we
cannot bring all the instances of his healing under
this class." "Little as we know of the connection
between the mind and body, we know enough to
make it in some degree clear, that an extraordinary
Spiritual impression produces marvelous effects
upon the bodily organism."—Dr. Neander's Life of
Christ, pp. 141, 142; 239. The Doctor further ar-
gues that it was not a power of the imagination,
or what is called a natural power, to throw off dis-
ease, but a "susceptibility of impression on the
part of the subject to Spirit, or divine influences,"

and he continues, "there is no instance of Christ
working a miracle where a hostile tendency of
mind prevailed."—p. 142. Modern Spiritual cures
attest the same great law of mind. Man cannot
receive Spiritually what his own Spirit is unwilling
to receive!

"In this doctrine there is nothing absurd. It is
no more impossible that angels should be employed
to aid man, than that one man should aid another;
certainly not as impossible as that the Son of God
should come down not to be ministered unto, but
to minister." Angelic ministration "constitutes
the beauty of the moral arrangements on earth."
"Is there any impropriety in supposing that they
do now what the Bible says they ever have done?
They attend the Redeemed; they wait on their
steps; they sustain them in trial; they accompany
them in departing to Heaven.

"And is there care in heaven? And is there love
in heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evil move?
There is—else much more wretched were the case
Of man than beast. But O! the exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his works of mercy does embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and from
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succor us who sinner were!
How do they with golden pinions cleave
The yielding skies, like flying pursuivants,
Against foul foes to aid us militant;
They fly for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward.
O! why should Heavenly God to men have such re-
gard?"—Albert Barnes' Com. on Heb. chap. 1.

We will not trespass further on your patience
by an array of testimony open to all readers of
Biblical literature. Allow us, however, to make
one quotation from the pen of that most philan-
thropic and devoted of all modern Church Reform-
ers, Dr. William E. Channing:

"Did I think of those who are gone, as dying to
those they left, I should honor and love them less.
The man who forgets his home when he quits it,
seems to want the best sensibilities of our nature;
and if the good were to forget their Brethren on
earth in their new abode, were to cease to inter-
cede for them in their nearer approach to their
common Father, could we think of them as im-
proved by the change? All this I am compelled
to infer from the nature of the human mind.—
Could we hear them, I believe they would tell us
they never truly loved the race before; never be-
fore knew what it is to sympathize with human
sorrow, to mourn for human guilt. A new foun-
tain of love to man is opened within them. They
now see what before dimly gleamed before their
eyes; the capacities, the mysteries of the human
soul. The significance of that word, immortality,
is now apprehended, and every being destined to
it, rises in unutterable importance. They love hu-
man nature as never before, and human friends
are prized as above all price. * * *

A new soul or a new eye might show the Spiritual
world encompassing us on every side. * * *

They love us more than ever, but with a refined,
pure, Spiritual love. Their Spiritual vision pen-
etrates to our souls. It would be a reproach to
Heaven and the good, to say that their happiness
is founded on their ignorance of our wants or suf-
ferings."—Channing's Sermon "Future Life," vol.
4, pp. 232, 233.

NECROMANCY.—But for the sake of reproaching
what they have not the candor to examine, our
more unscrupulous opponents call us Necromancers.
I ask, what do they mean by Necromancy? They
would insinuate fraud and imposture! The word
comes from *Nekros* and *Manthano*. [Some
derive it from *Mania*, but the signification is not
changed.] *Manthano* signifies to learn, *Nekros* the
dead: to learn of the dead. And is it a reproach,
I ask, to learn of the dead? Then was Christ re-
proached, for he communed with Moses and Elias
hundreds of years after their death, respecting his
own death. Was Christ a Necromancer? And
were the Prophets and Apostles involved in the re-
proach of these modern denunciators? Because
ignorance and superstition, by fraud and imposture,
pretend to what the learned Rabbis of modern Ma-
terialism or Sadduceism ought to understand, is
there, therefore, no communion between the angel-
ized and their Brethren in the flesh? Verily,
we know of no death equal to that of a Christian soul,
that denies its own Spiritual affinities and its pro-
fessed communion with the innumerable company
of angels. No wonder it has no hope beyond its
own narrow communion of flesh and sense, and
unites its energies in the denunciation of its human
Brethren for the enjoyment of privileges it never
feels while absorbed in carnal ambition for momen-
tary triumphs. Are the dead annihilated, that
there can be no recognition of their presence and
interest in human trial? Verily, the man who
thinks so, would do well to remember that some
ancient Spiritualists, such as Jesus and his Ap-
ostles, used this word *Nekros*, to designate men dead
to their own souls, Spiritually dead, in an external
righteousness, void of a living faith, and of such it
was said, "Let the dead bury their dead." And
they bury them to this day so deep in an endless
Hell of Eternal Wrong, or a sleepy unconscious-
ness of Hadean prisons, that they fancy it is the
Devil, or some haggard witch, that comes to speak
of Spirit-life beyond the misty veil that hides their
all. To all such we would say, in love and hope,
let the dead in ignorance and fleshly scheming bury
body and soul, but we bury only the body, which
Mother Earth claims, while we seek the Spirit in
God, as we worthily use the same powers of Spirit
He hath given to all. Truly, the flesh profiteth
nothing—it is the Spirit that is life, and neither
stirred nor, nor sepulchral creeds, nor fabled Ha-
dean prisons, can hold that which is of God, incom-
sumable and unconsumed, indestructible and un-
destroyed, by Death's dissolutions or Nature's re-
verses. It lives, and Life is thy God, thy Eternity
—it knows no death, but in every change seeks a
Freedom that measures all things and is not mea-
sured by any. "Because I live, you shall also
live."

From the Christian Secretary.

THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELERS.

In ancient times there lived at Hanheim a young
man named Otto, who was brave and intelligent,
but incapable of bridling his own desires. When
he wished for anything, he spared no effort to ob-
tain it, and his passions were like the storm winds
which cross rivers, valleys and mountains, crushing
everything in their passage. Tired of the quiet
life he held in Hanheim, he one day formed a plan
to set out on a long journey, at the end of which
he hoped to find fortune and happiness. Conse-
quently, he put his best clothes in a bundle, placed
in a girdle all the money he possessed, and started
without knowing where he was going. After walk-
ing several days, he found himself at the entrance
of a forest, which extended as far as the eye could
reach. Three travelers had stopped there, and
seemed, like himself, to prepare to cross it. One
was a tall, haughty woman, with threatening mien,
holding in her hand a javelin; the second a young
girl, half asleep, reclining in a chariot drawn by
four oxen, and the third an old woman in rags,
and with a haggard air.

Otto saluted them, inquiring whether they were
acquainted with the forest; they replied in the af-
firmative. He then asked permission to accompany
them, that he might not lose his way, to which all
three consented, and they set out.

The young man soon perceived that his com-
panions possessed supernatural power; but he was
not afraid, and continued his walk conversing with
the three strangers.

They had already pursued for several hours the
path marked out among the trees, when the sound
of a horse's footsteps was heard behind them.—
Otto turned and recognized a citizen of Manheim,
whom he had hated for many years. The citizen
overtook the foot passengers, smiled insolently and
went on. Otto became very angry; "I would give
all I possess to revenge myself on the pride and
haughtiness of that man."

"I can satisfy thee," said the lady with the jav-
elin. "Shall I make of him a blind and lame beg-
gar? Thou hast only to pay me the price of the
transformation."

"And what is the price?" asked Otto eagerly.

"Thy right eye."

"I would willingly give it to be revenged."

The young man had scarcely finished speaking,
when the promised transformation took place, and
he found himself blind of an eye. He was at first
a little surprised, but consoled himself with the
thought that the other was left, and that he could
still see the misery of his enemy. Meanwhile they
continued to march several hours without reaching
the end of the forest, the road becoming steeper
and more difficult. Otto began to be fatigued, and
looked with envy on the chariot in which the
young girl was reclining. It was so skillfully con-
structed that the deepest ruts scarcely jolted it.

"All roads must seem very smooth and short on
this chariot," said he, approaching; "and I should
like such a one myself."

"Is that all?" replied the second traveler; I can
this moment procure you what you desire."

She struck with her foot the chariot in which
she rode, and Otto perceived a second equipage,
drawn by a couple of black oxen. Recovering
from his astonishment, he thanked the young girl,
and was about to enter it, when she stopped him
by a gesture. "I have fulfilled your desire," said
she, "but I cannot make a worse bargain than my
sister has done. You have given her one of your
eyes—I demand one of your arms."

Otto was at first a little disconcerted; but he
was very tired—the chariot was before him, and as
he had already said, he had never known how to
conquer his desires; so, after a short hesitation, he
accepted the proposal, and found himself located
in his new carriage, but deprived of his right arm.
The journey continued for some time. Forest suc-
ceeded forest, and no outlet appeared. Meanwhile,
Otto began to suffer from hunger and thirst. The
old woman, who was walking beside him, seemed
to perceive this.

"You are sad, my boy," said she, "when one is
hungry one is easily discouraged; but I possess a
certain remedy against faintness."

"What is it?" asked the young man.

"You see this flask which I have in my hand and
often carry to my lips?" replied the tired traveler;
"it contains joy for fullness of trouble, and all the
hopes of the earth. Whoever drinks of it finds
himself happy; and I will not sell it to you more
dearly than my sisters, for I ask in exchange one
half of your brain."

The young man this time refused. He began
to be frightened at the successive bargaining. But
the old woman made him taste the liquor in the
flask, which appeared to him